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A Christmas Blossom?



A CHRISTMAS BLOSSOM.



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Hard & Parsons,
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WALKING down the country road

This joyous Christmas morning.

The fairest bit of loveliness,

The pleasant scene adorning.

Comes the quaintest little maid

That ever chanced in meeting.

Smiling sweetly as she words

A kindly Christmas-greeting.

THE crisp air on her pretty cheeks

Has made them bright and rosy.

Her dimpled face so fair, she seems

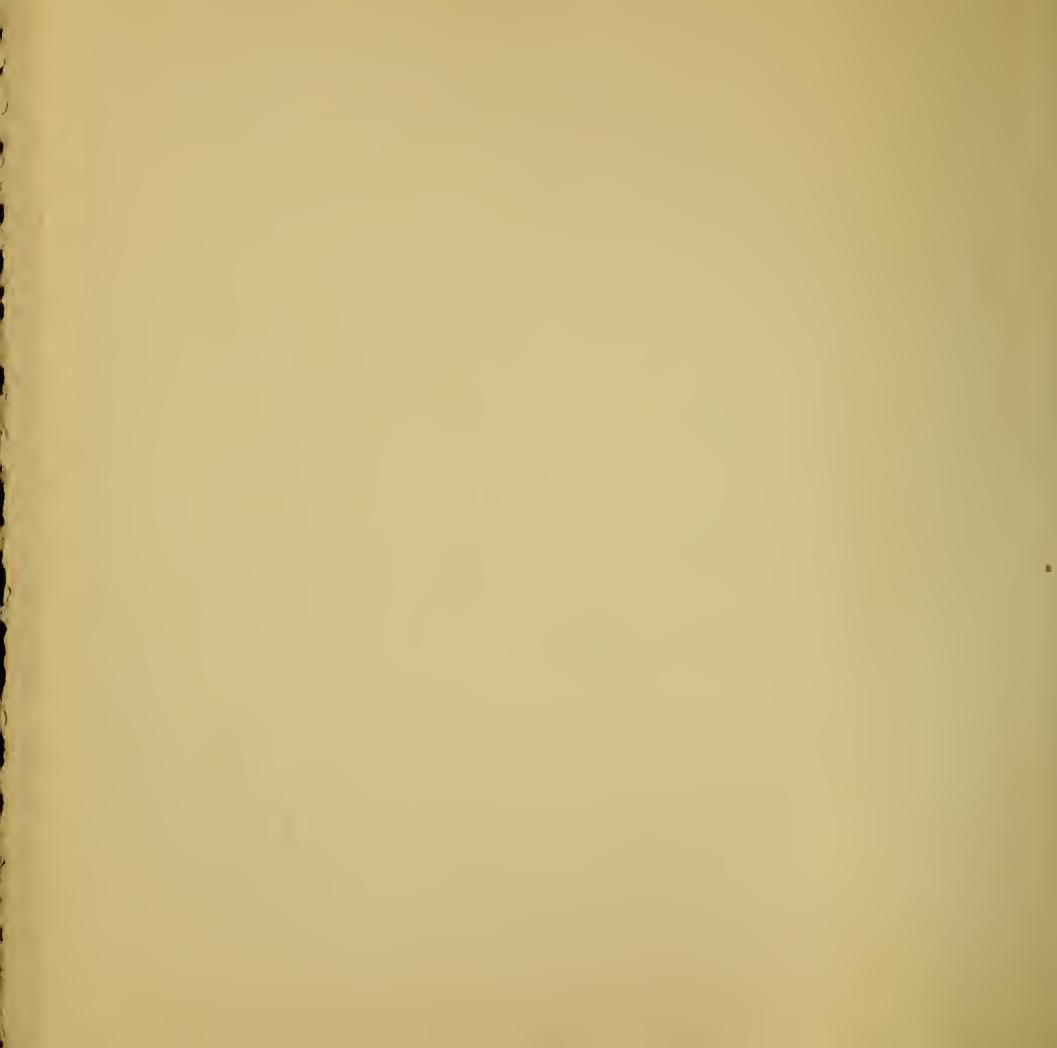
A little winter posie.

Leaving all her sister flowers

Snug in bed below.

Impatient of the spring-time.

Come to blossom in the snow.



A BUNNY starts from out his home

Among the thorny brambles,

And spying quick the little maid,

Away, in fright he scrambles.

Oh, naughty bunny, thus to flee,

With neither word, nor warning,

From such a sweet and gentle sight,

Nor bid her even,— "Good-morning."

THE little snow-birds, wiser—far
Than foolish frightened bunny—

Peep into her dainty face

So smiling, bright, and sunny.

Flutter all about her path

Without a thought of danger.

Chirp: "tweet-tweet; how very sweet

This little Christmas stranger."

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.

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